" Eastern Pacific " were staged at the Theatre Moderne between stirring dramas produced but a fortnight's steam from us in the cinema paradises of California, The arrival of the *Nang-Li* on the morning of the Fourteenth was unofficial.

One is tempted to write at length of these festivities, so incredible, so solemn, so gay, so childish, so desperately civilised. The tinsel thickly cloaks reality; but is a man to grieve at that, or be glad that some trace of reality still survives ? There are the *hula-hulas,* for example, strangely attractive in their way. Fantastically garbed in swaying grass-skirts, the girls wreathed and plumed, the little bands of performers eager and untiring, one by one they swing in behind a. flag-bearer and go through their performance.

It is best, of course, by night, when strings of Chinese lanterns cross and re-cross the square and the beat of native drums throbs out on the velvet

Pacific dark. You can glance up at the stars enmeshed in the silvered fronds of coconut trees, and look back to the tossing brown limbs and flower-crowned heads under the coloured light. The

s, too—the deep booming bass of the men

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